



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

Lynda Sargent's 'Clanging
Cymbals' in this Issue.

**HERE'S A WAY TO GET
SICK AT YOUR STOMACH**

Recommended as sure-fire inducement to a decided sickness of the stomach, in case you are so inclined—read Louella Parsons' story of the Gable-Lombard elopement in Thursday's Examiner.

**THEY HAD TO GO, AND SO
THEY WERE CARRIED**

So footsore after they had traveled about the Fair last Saturday, Major William Kneass and Commander Martin Peterson had to be carried to the Polies Bergere—in a wheel chair.

**UP GO THE COSTS OF OUR
BIG POLICE DEPARTMENT**

Did you notice last week, in the publication of the city clerk's annual report, that the Carmel police department cost \$11,760.70 for the year 1938. And that includes only a month or two of the new policeman Bechdolt put on. The cost in 1936 was \$9,648.47. It'll go up again considerably for 1939, and we'll have the two-way radio playing cost along with it, budget or no budget.

**WE THINK THE SCHOOL BOARD
HAS THE RIGHT IDEA**

THE CYMBAL believes that the school board has taken the right action in the matter of the two proposed sites for the proposed Carmel High School. It has rescinded the action which officially put it on record as favoring the purchase of the Paradise Park site, and is planning to go on record as preferring the Hatton Fields property. In doing this it is acting on the implied preference of its fact-finding committee as set forth in detail in this issue of THE CYMBAL. But it does not intend to act arbitrarily in the matter. It plans to let the people of the district register their opinion sometime after the Easter holidays. It is assumed that it will act finally on the result of this public balloting.

**YOU WILL BE INCREASING
LIBRARY EFFICIENCY BY
YOUR "YES" VOTE TUESDAY**

Somewhat mystifying was the postal card received through the mail by every registered voter last Wednesday. It said quite definitely that there is to be an election next Tuesday, April 4, and also quite definitely that the Carmel Pine Cone had printed the card, but what election and what for it failed to announce.

We know, and we'll tell you. It's on the matter of issuing \$4,500 in bonds for improvements to the Carmel library. With this amount of money, added to \$1,500 of a special bequest the library trustees have in their treasury, \$6,000 worth of work is to be done at the library plant.

It is a desirable and necessary work. It will enlarge the delivery room of the library building and provide more stacks for books, and it will build a retaining wall and sidewalk on the Lincoln and Sixth street sides of the library property.

We believe the money should be voted. The issuance of the bonds will add three cents to the tax rate

(Continued on Page Two)

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 10 • No. 13

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • MARCH 31, 1939

FIVE CENTS

School Board To Vote Preference for Hatton Fields; Public To Speak Later

LIBRARY BOND ELECTION TUESDAY

Bond election next Tuesday. You are asked by the board of trustees of the Carmel public library to authorize the issuance of \$4,500 in municipal bonds to be used in necessary improvements on the library property. The money, added to \$1,500 in a special bequest fund the trustees have, will do \$6,000 worth of work. The delivery room of the library is to be enlarged and a retaining wall and sidewalk are to be built along the Lincoln and Sixth street sides of the library property.

The polls at the Carmel Fire House on Sixth street, between San Carlos and Mission, will be open from 9 o'clock in the morning until 7 o'clock in the evening. The election officers are W. L. Overstreet, Mrs. Jean Whitcomb, Mrs. Elizabeth Sullivan and Mrs. Clara Leidig.

Kit Whitman Has Another Fast One for Us

The first anniversary of the Carmel Art Institute falls on April 19, and Kit Whitman has been viewing that approaching date for some time with an eye for something eye-opening and exciting. It has been a big year for Kit and while we know quite definitely where the credit belongs, Kit seems to feel that the good people of the Monterey Peninsula are responsible for the success of her enterprise. So, she wants to show her appreciation.

Now, Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman and their group of men and women dancers are generally acknowledged quite something. Kit would have thought them too rich, even for her blood, if the one open date in their second transcontinental tour hadn't happened to catch her eye. April 19! The hand of Fate hung undeniably over that!

Feeling like a reckless but ecstatic pawn, Kit signed the necessary papers, and the thing was done. Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman bring their troupe to the Filmarte Theatre on April 19, and we'll tell you much more about it next week.

OESCHGER BRIDGE LECTURES STILL DRAW BIG CROWDS

In spite of the rain last Saturday the third bridge lecture of Mrs. Ivy Oeschger held at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club last Saturday afternoon attracted a larger crowd than the two previous lectures. The luncheon, instead of being held on the terrace, had to be held in the main dining room. The additional names of those who have signed up for the remainder of the course include Mrs. Carl Batchelder, Miss Helen Lisle, Miss Celinea Welles, Mrs. R. M. Doolittle, Mrs. Theodore Taylor, Mrs. Elmer Zanetta and Mrs. Totten Heffelfinger.

Unhappy Pupils Lose Two Days Of School

"School Today—Thursday, Mar. 30—Furnace Is Repaired."

This sign, displayed in the post office in the good old-fashioned Carmel manner yesterday morning, calmed many a thumping heart in a youthful breast.

By reason of the failure of a generator in the heating system in Sunset School, the children, gathered in the school yards on Tuesday morning, were told sadly there was to be no school and the children took it—not so sadly. It was the same thing Wednesday morning. Then, by yesterday morning, a heartless electrician had fixed the generator.

One of the funny things about the whole affair is that O. W. Barderson, district superintendent and principal of the school, left Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock for the north to discuss next year's curriculum with Dr. Aubrey Douglas, chief of the division of secondary education in the state department. He hadn't been gone an hour before his abandoned school closed on him—and it remained closed until he came back yesterday afternoon. And for the two days he was away Barderson was happily thinking of the happy children and the happy teachers going on with their happy work. And they weren't at all.

George Seidenbeck returned from Chicago last week-end. He had been away for three weeks, called there by the recent death of his mother.

TRUSTEES TO ACT FOLLOWING RECEIPT OF FACT-FINDING COMMITTEE'S REPORT IN WHICH ACROSS-HIGHWAY SITE IS FAVORED

Preference for the so-called Hatton Fields site for the Carmel High School will be voted by the three members of the school board at their meeting in Sunset School next Tuesday afternoon. The action of the board will follow the receipt of the report of the fact-finding committee which investigated the desirability of and the cost of construction on both the Hatton Fields and the Paradise Park sites.

Are We To Have Real Test For Postmaster?

Announcement is made by the post office department at Washington that a competitive examination will be held for the office of postmaster of Carmel, the term of Mrs. Irene Cator expiring this year. The closing date of applications for the examination is April 11 at Washington, D.C. Detailed information about it may be obtained from Fred Strong, secretary of the board of civil service examiners in the Carmel post office.

Pacific Grove is also on the list of post offices throughout the country in which competitive examinations for postmasters are to be held, but it is understood that this is an error and that United States Senator Sheridan Downey will make that appointment. As far as we can learn, Downey is privileged to make the Carmel appointment if he chooses to do so and there are efforts being made by Peninsula Democrats to get him to re-appoint Mrs. Cator.

The report of the committee will be found at the end of this story.

After going on record as preferring the Hatton Fields site the board will at once make plans for what might be called a public plebiscite on the matter. Sometime after the Easter holidays the board will announce a plan whereby all voters of the school district will be given an opportunity to register their approval or disapproval of the board's action in voting its preference. Then, it is expected, action will be taken in conformity to public decision.

Here is the fact-finding committee's report:

Mrs. Doris Watson, Chairman
Sunset School District
Carmel, California

Dear Mrs. Watson:

The committee consisting of Messrs. Kellogg, Bixler, Wallace, Bathen and myself, which has been charged with ascertaining data pertinent to the selection of a High School site, submits herewith its report.

Owing to a certain amount of dis-

(Continued on Page Eleven)

Holy Week in the Churches

All Saints

A special Palm Sunday message has been prepared by the Rev. C. J. Hulsewé, rector of All Saints' Church. This service begins at 11 o'clock this Sunday morning and will include the Service of Holy Communion. The full-vested choir will sing.

Holy Communion is held at 8 o'clock on Sunday morning. The Church School begins at 9:30 a.m.

On Maundy Thursday, April 6, the Service of the Holy Communion will be held at 10:15 a.m. On Good Friday, the three hour service will be held from 12 noon to 3 p.m. with meditations on the seven words on the cross by Mr. Hulsewé.

Patty Ball will be home for the Easter holidays, too, although she will only be here for the first and last part of the vacation as the Balls plan to drive down to Pasadena during the middle of the week. Dorothy Leighton, a Mills classmate of Patty's, will arrive a day or two after Patty gets here and will also go down to Pasadena with the family.

Carmel Mission

On Wednesday evening devotions will be held at 7:30 p.m. followed by confessions.

On Holy Thursday High Mass will be celebrated at 8 o'clock in the morning with the procession of the Blessed Sacrament to the side chapel where adoration will continue all day. Holy hour at 7 o'clock.

On Good Friday the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified at 8 o'clock a.m., followed by veneration of the cross. The Three Hours devotion are from noon to 3 o'clock. Noel Sullivan and the Mission choir will sing the Seven Last Words. At the end of the devotions the Body of the Christ will be taken from the cross and borne in procession by a group of the Holy Name men to the mortuary chapel for veneration. This latter is an old custom coming down from the days of the Padres.

Peggy Mathiot will be down from Mills College tomorrow for the Easter vacation and is bringing a number of her classmates with her.

Community

"Loyal to the Royal" is the title of Dr. Wilber W. McKee's sermon for Palm Sunday at Carmel Community Church.

The Church School begins at 9:45 a.m. The minister's Bible Class begins at 10 a.m. and the Junior group at 5 p.m.

Union Services

The churches in Pacific Grove, Monterey and Carmel have planned to hold a union service each day of Holy Week at 12 o'clock noon. The place of meeting will be the Presbyterian Church in Monterey.

Dr. Wilber W. McKee has been invited to bring the messages. He will speak as follows: Monday, "The Untouched Cross"; Tuesday, "The Transfigured Cross"; Wednesday, "The Severity of Divine Love"; Thursday, "The Passion of the Bleeding Heart." On Good Friday the three-hour service will be held from 12 o'clock noon until 3 o'clock.

for a period of five years, but it is probable that the regular library tax rate of 19 cents will be reduced to 17 cents next year, so the success of the bonds Tuesday will actually mean only a one-cent increase on the tax rate in library cost for the next five years. What this will accomplish will be greatly to the public interest.

THE CYMBAL heartily recommends that next Tuesday, sometime between the hours of 9 in the morning and 7 in the evening, you go to the fire house (the only polling place) and vote "Yes" on the issuance of the proposed library bonds.

WILL SOME TAXPAYER HELP CYMBAL PROVE IT IS WORTH SOMETHING?

Will some taxpayer of Carmel help THE CYMBAL out in this, and, possibly, help himself or herself out at the same time?

We notice, and we suppose you noticed, that Mayor Herbert Heron this past week signed his name to the contract with the Pierson-De Lane Company of Los Angeles for a two-way radio equipment to cost the city about \$2,600.

We assume you noticed that last week's issue of THE CYMBAL showed that Frederick Bechdolt, commissioner of police on the council, had received a lower bid than this on the delivery of equipment for a two-way radio for the police and its installation and constant local service, for which the Pierson-DeLane proposal does not provide.

So, after our calling the council's attention to this lower bid, and addressing a letter to the council requesting that it look into the matter and let us know something about it, the mayor casually goes ahead and signs the contract at a higher figure, and with a distant company.

Won't some taxpayer write a short note to the city council, to be read at this next council meeting, Tuesday, April 4, and ask it if THE CYMBAL printed just a lot of hokum, or did it present facts? We are sincerely trying to do something in the public interest about this silly radio business; honest, we are. We get lots of support on Ocean avenue, and in the by-ways. We get pats on the back and verbal praise. But that and our persistent efforts, encouraged by this support, apparently get nowhere at all.

We like getting out this newspaper. We like it being what we think is an important instrument toward accomplishment of public welfare. But there are times when we imagine we're spoofing ourselves and that really THE CYMBAL doesn't amount to much besides providing us here on the staff with a lot of joy.

So, openly and with our foot hard down on the candor pedal, we ask for some sort of tangible evidence of our importance. Won't some taxpayer write to the city council this next Tuesday night and ask it (We think you have a right to use the word "demand") to answer THE CYMBAL's letter of last week; to explain why Bechdolt turned down the lower radio bid, and why the other members of the council did nothing about investigating in detail this matter of spending \$2,600 of the taxpayers' money.

We may be all wrong in this thing. It's possible; we've been wrong in the past. But we would like to know and we believe it is in your interest to find out for us.

—W. K. B.

UTTERLY ABSURD—getting a newspaper like THE CYMBAL for a measly One Dollar a Year!

Sky's the Limit in Carmel Players' Production of "Ceiling Zero" at Auditorium April 8 and 9

Carmel Players this month have turned to higher things and are nightly breathing the purer air inhaled by birdmen and some of our Peninsulans. The large cast of "Ceiling Zero" takes to the stratosphere once every 24 hours, in preparation for the show in Sunset School Auditorium on Saturday and Sunday evenings, April 8 and 9. Chick McCarthy, director, and Frank Wead, author, set the maneuvers; and it looks like a good time ahead, with the sky the limit.

Earnest young love, however, no matter how lofty and undefiled, runs the normal hazard of meeting amiable vulgarity in the best of communities. Hurdle Number One for Air-hostess Tommy and Pilot Tay in "Ceiling Zero," is redoubtable Dizzy Davis, played by Del Page.

Patty Lou Elliott, Monterey High School student, plays the eager Tommy with 16-year-old zest and delight. Patty appeared in both "Stage Door" and "Kind Lady." Wayne Sellards, who takes the role of Tay, is a tall lad who has lived almost long enough to vote. His acting experience includes a role in "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room" and the part of Jarge in "Penrod and Sam."

Setting, atmosphere and sound effects will be authentic. The author, Frank Wead, is an aviator. Alton Walker of the Monterey Airport and Kurt Springer and George Webb of United Airlines are giving the Players' technical staff every assistance. Pol Verbeke, an expert on physics of sound and all manner of practical devices, has taken over the responsibilities of sound man for the show, to the keen satisfaction of the cast.

Rehearsals are getting into their stride. Dorothy Stephenson, stage-manager for "Pursuit of Happiness," dropped in Monday evening to watch things shape up. "Reminds me," said she sotto voce behind Chick's right ear, "of Crissy Field." Dorothy used to cover Crissy Field as part of her regular assignment for the San Francisco Chronicle.

"Ceiling Zero" numbers five soldiers among its 18 men. Our grapevine telegraph picked the following Presidio notes: Meyer Edwards, who plays Airmail Pilot Tex Clark, will make a quick hop to Canada and return before the opening of the new show. . . . Dick Merrill, whose top role calls for microphone work in two climactic scenes, is a graduate of the Army's radio signal school, Fort Monmouth, New Jersey. . . . Tom Chandler has slightly better than 40 hours in the air—as a passenger. Chandler plays a newspaper reporter in "Ceiling Zero." . . . Jack Wachtel, nephew of the World War aviator for whom Santa Monica's Clover Field was named, has been leery of flying since the day when the plane in which he took his first hop crashed on the next flight, killing the pilot and two passengers. Wachtel plays the non-flying role of the Operations Office radio operator!

Charles Sayres, Bill O'Donnell and Austin James have joined the cast. They will play Charley Wright, mechanic; B. P. Jenkins, insurance adjuster, and Fred Adams, airplane manufacturer. Other members of the cast include: Doc Wilson, Frank Helling; Les Bogan, Nuncio d'Acquisto; Lou Clark, Edith Friable; Eddie Payson, Richard Carter; Dodo Harvey, Georgiana Good; Joe Allen, John Lamb;

Mike Owens, Alec Gibson; Mary Lee, Ellen Skadan; Dick Peterson, Harry Perkins; Smiley Johnson, Bert Taylor. —E. F.

'Gunga Din' Here This Sunday



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., steps into his famous dad's acrobatic shoes in "Gunga Din" at the Carmel Theatre, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday.

"Gunga Din," spectacular film based on Rudyard Kipling's ballad, comes to the Carmel Theatre on Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, April 2, 3 and 4.

The period of the picture is some 50 years ago when England was bringing law and order to the wild tribesmen of the border country in India. As the moving force of a new outbreak, the natives revive the outlawed and supposedly extinct cult of Thugee, old strangling religion of India, and start a campaign aimed at driving the hated white men out of the land.

This campaign involves British troops in that region and leads to the stirring adventures of three sergeants and a loyal native watercarrier in their struggle against the frenzied Thugs.

Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have the stellar roles in "Gunga Din"; Joan Fontaine has the only feminine role, as the fiancée of one of them; Sam Jaffe is in the title role of the water carrier, and Eduardo Cianelli and Abner Biberman are prominent as two of the Thug leaders. Filmed among the peaks of California's High Sierras, which greatly resemble the mountainous border of northwest India, the picture attains a high degree of realism. For RKO-Radio George Stevens was both producer and director.

GLENN FOSTER WILL OPEN JEWELRY STORE HERE

Glenn Foster of the firm of Foster & DeBow, for the past seven years a successful jewelry concern in Monterey, plans to open a Carmel store in the Fee Building, next to the library, tomorrow. The store will be under Foster's name, the name of the Monterey is to be so changed shortly. Foster is an experienced manufacturing jeweler and he will deal here in all kinds of jewelry, watches and precious stones.

'ADOLESCENT YOUTH' MEETING THIS AFTERNOON

The fifth meeting of the Mercy Nutting series on "The Emotional Development of Adolescent Youth" will be held this afternoon in Sunset School library at 1:30. Mrs. Nutting's discussion will concern "Time and Cash Budgets."

Mrs. Nutting is also giving a series of brief parent education talks over radio station KDON each Friday morning at 10:15 a.m.

Heron Will Talk To Woman's Club Book Section

Herbert Heron will talk to the book section of the Carmel Woman's Club at its meeting Wednesday morning at 10:30 o'clock at Pine Inn. Miss Edith Griffin, chairman of the group, announced yesterday that Anne Fisher, who was scheduled to be the speaker, was unable to be here, and it was necessary to fall back on the mayor. There are worse speakers on the subject of books who could be fallen back on than the mayor, we would say.

The garden section of the club is anticipating its meeting of Thursday morning at the home of Miss Anne Grant in Hatton Fielda, when Catherine Seidenbeck, the artist, will talk about garden shrines and ornaments she has seen in various countries.

As the club year draws to a close a nominating committee consisting of Miss Ruth Huntington, Miss Agnes Knight, Mrs. D. E. Nixon, Mrs. J. B. Adams and Mrs. Fenton Grigby, has been busy this week lining up a board of directors for next year. The slate will be offered at the April general meeting and voted upon at the May meeting.

Charles McCarthy is taking ad-

vantage of spare afternoon hours to rehearse the play, "The Monkey's Paw," which Carmel Players will offer the afternoon of April 17 as the program for the Woman's Club monthly meeting. It will be given at the Green Room on Casanova for members of the Woman's Club only.

The Millises—Mrs. Vera Peck, Jane, Martha and Anne—arrive today and will stay for a week with Mrs. Millis' sister, Glenna Peck, on Monte Verde street. Martha is at Mills and Jane and Anne are attending Miss Hamlin's School in San Francisco. Bill Millis will come down from Sacramento the following week-end to spend Easter with his family before returning to his duties with Senator Tickle.

Michel Maskiewitz

Pupil of Rafael Joseffy and Leopold Godowsky
(Now Residing in S. F.)

will hold Auditions in Carmel on April 11, 12 & April 25, 26 for Junior and Advanced Piano Students

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Clifford Dale Pistol Shoot Winner

Nine members of the Carmel Pistol Club shot for medals last Friday at the club's indoor range.

In Division A, Clifford Dale, with 219 out of 250, and Hugh Comstock, with 213 out of 250, took the first and second place medals. Roy Frates of the Carmel Police Department won the first place medal in Division B with a score of 185 out of 250. Paul Funchess, Harry Hilbert, Arthur Hull, Walter Lewis, Leonard Johnson and Gil Severns pressed the winners closely.

Dave Ball, who donated the medals, presented them to the winners. The next medal shoot will be held late in April.

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Tomorrow Night "French Night" At Del Monte

It will be a "French Night" on the Monterey Peninsula tomorrow when Del Monte presents its "Folies de Paris."

The entertainers in the floor show will be direct from the cafes of Paris and there will be a champagne bar to add yet another Parisian touch to the proceedings.

The corridor leading to the Bali Room will be transformed into a Paris boulevard and the entrance will represent the S. S. Normandie, flagship of the French Line.

The audience will, for the most part, be made up of members of San Francisco's French colony, and if you like to read the menu, you had better brush up on your lessons for that, too, will be in French.

The party is being given in conjunction with the French Line in honor of San Francisco's French colony and the French Government, which will be represented by Consul General Roger Gaucheron.

It will take the form of a one-day trip to Paris and will mark the first mythical cruise of the year for Del Monte's famous sea-going Bali Room.

The Normandie will be propelled to Le Havre, the port of Paris, on waves of melody by Freddie Nagel and his orchestra.

Here can-can girls will be waiting to entertain the "passengers," and the dancing will continue until early morning.

Nous esperons vous voyer.

+ + +

MUSICAL ART CLUB'S NEXT PROGRAM APRIL 11

Because of Easter week, the regular monthly meeting of the Musical Art Club has been postponed to the second Tuesday in the month and will be held on April 11 at the Van Es-MacGowan home at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club.

Valona Brewer is in charge of the program and it will be devoted to American music with a brief talk on this subject by Anne Martin. The music of various American composers will be presented by David Marra, pianist, Valona Brewer, violinist, and Eddie George, vocalist.

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Grand Canyon National Park has just celebrated its 20th anniversary in the national park system, according to the California State Automobile Association. Since its establishment by act of Congress in 1919 more than three million persons have visited the park.

+ + +

THE CYMBAL carries the flavor and tang of Carmel to 32 states in the Union!

"Ten Nights in a Bar-Room" Repeat Starts at First Theater Tuesday To Run for Five Nights

The plaintive notes of "Father, dear Father, Come Home with me Now," and the drunken ravings of old Joe Morgan will once more be enacted in California's First Theater, Monterey, when the Troupers of the Gold Coast go into their fifteenth performance of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" next Tuesday evening.

This beautiful melodrama, "played by a carefully selected company of ladies and gentlemen whose hearts are in their work," should be seen by every father, mother, daughter and son. Billy Shepard as Joe Morgan, the pitiful inebriate with his delirium tremens; Marguerite Meldrim as his patient wife; Mary Jean Elliott as the saintly child hit by a tumbler; Ross Miller as the landlord of the "Sickle and Sheaf"; Thelma Miller as his wife; Gordon Knoles as Romaine; Harry Hedger as the young squire; Bob Bratt as Frank Slade who kills his own father; Lloyd Weer as Harvey Greene, the gambler; Byington Ford as Sample Switchel and Jessie Joan Brown as Mehitabel complete

the cast.

One of the funniest odes yet to be laughed at will follow the melodrama. With Byington Ford as Master of Ceremonies, the Troupers of the Gold Coast will appear in a number of new acts, including "Ferdinand Gone Carmel," starring Lloyd Weer and Gordon Knoles as matador and toreador and Bob Bratt as Ferdinand; Betty Carr in the "Belle of Bald-Headed Row"; the Troupers in "A New Carmel Custom," or "Stopped by a Cop"; Meta Gossler and John Elizalde in an East-Side Dance! John, Meta and Rosanne Sprinkler in a Cake-Walk; Mary Jean Elliott in "I Remember You." Old favorites repeated will include "Experience," sung by Lloyd Weer, Byington Ford and Harry Hedger, and Bob Bratt, the Troupers' sweet songster, in "Handsome Harry Sued for Breach of Promise."

Lloyd Weer is director, Ruth Austin is staging the songs and dances, and the production is presented by the Denny-Watrous Management.

Connie Bell and her aunt, Mrs. Edmund Dexter, who has been visiting here for the past two months from Bronxville, N.Y., have been up in San Francisco this week to do the Fair and to see Ethel Barrymore in "White Oaks."

+

RANCHO CARMELO

Lee Spagnoletti of Oakland, who came for complete rest two weeks ago, and has been leading an outdoor, horseback-riding sort of life instead, still has a week to go before she returns to the city.



Wrong: Ordinary shoes place stress directly over bone creating friction and causing irritation.

Right: Pied Piper's new exclusive design leaves all moving parts of foot floating free. Assure your child's foot health with this and other Pied Piper exclusive features. Drop in today; we'll be happy to fit him properly.



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Come in today for your free book let on "How Pied Piper Shoes Guard Your Child's Foot Health."

Villanova, Pa., were guests over the past week-end. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess made the Lodge their headquarters last week-

end when they came up to watch their daughter, Mary, a student at Douglas School, win in the hunter trials last Saturday morning.

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SKIRTS

Exactly what you need this spring! In soft colors of flannel, crepe, menswear, covert, plaids, and tweeds! Not only to mix or match with your jackets, but also to wear with blouses and sweaters! Sizes 24 to 34.

1.98

PENNEY'S

418 ALVARADO STREET, MONTEREY

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W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR

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Carmel Hobbyists Talk Over Radio

Guy Curtis and his "Hobbies" program, heard over station KDON on Tuesday nights at 7:30, had six youngsters riding their respective hobby horses in the last broadcast. Three of them were from Sunset School and three from Pacific Grove, and each had a chance to describe his hobby. Jock Lang, son of Mrs. Margaret Lang of Carmel, had the first chance to tell about the things he has been making in miniature for the past three years. When he sees something he likes and can't afford to buy it, he makes a miniature of it. His taste seems to run, to guns, horses and western riding equipment.

John Phillips delves into chemistry for his hobby and Walter Warren has gone in for ventriloquism. Shirley Gay La Porte of Pacific Grove collects china and glass shoes. She has shoes from nine countries and won a blue ribbon at the Monterey County Fair for her display at the hobby show.

Richard Shoemaker of Pacific Grove makes soap caricatures and Betty Crabbe collects toy dogs. She has 137 of them representing from 20 to 25 different breeds. Her favorite is an English bull, *Suhagar*, named after Sue and Hal Garrett who gave him to her.

For a wind-up, Curtis had Gus Jochmus, police judge of Pacific Grove and hobby-rider extraordinary, who has collected everything from button hooks to elephants, tell about it all. His collection of steamship menus is now on its way to the American hobby show in New York City.

All these lead up to the Hobby Show to be held in Monterey on April 21 and 22. There will be no entry charge for this affair, no admission charges and no prizes. Everyone is entitled to display his hobby so that it can be admired by others and he can have the fun of seeing his own collection on exhibition.

The affair is sponsored by the Monterey Parks, Playgrounds and Recreation Commission of which Guy Curtis is secretary. The public schools have cooperated marvelously in creating interest in hobbies and compositions have been turned in by the pupils on their various hobbies. In this manner, suitable material for the broadcasts have been secured and interest has been built up so strongly that the approaching hobby show is something that many people are looking forward to with pleasure.

++ +

WE HAVE as much fun getting out this silly newspaper as you have in reading it.

THIS THING AND THAT

PERISH THE THOUGHT

Though exposé is overdue
Of you by me and me by you
It might stir up our love anew.

Matters of no consequence
Are sometimes dubbed mere nonsequence.

A dachshund is a lengthy beast
Whose nose points west and tail wags east.
May Allah see his tribe increased.

Sometimes, though true love leaps and soars,
The man one fervently adores
Neglects to shave, and even snores.

—E. F.

Junior High School System Starts At Sunset School This Fall

Establishment of a junior-high school system in the present Sunset School plant is announced by the board of school trustees through Otto W. Bardarson, district superintendent. The following notice to this effect was sent to parents of Sunset pupils by Bardarson this week:

+

For the past several months the community has been interested in the development of the high school situation. Many phases of this important matter have been covered exceptionally well in news and editorial comment.

The members of the Board of Trustees have decided on a procedure for the school year 1939-40 which will specifically affect the students enrolled in the eighth grade.

1. A Junior High School System will be instituted in the Sunset School building including grades 7, 8, and 9. This arrangement will be referred to as the Carmel Junior High School. Retaining the 9th grade students will give the district an average daily attendance apportionment from State funds for the year 1940 and will help materially in a financial way.

a. In planning the Junior High School Program for next year the Board of Trustees will approve the type of program which the

State Department of Education and leading educators feel will be of greatest educational and personal benefit to the students. Conferences will be held with Dr. Aubrey Douglas, Chief of the Secondary Division of the State Department of Education, and others to determine the nature and character of our program so that our community may have what it wants—the best.

b. Questions have come up regarding the extra-curricular activities of the Junior High School students. We intend to afford the children an opportunity to survey their needs and desires so that they may contribute to consideration of the following:

1. The formation of a Junior High School Student Body Government.
 2. Study of social and recreational activities.
 - a. Clubs based on group interest.
 - b. Class or student body dances and parties.
 - c. A school paper.
 3. Development of an adequate physical education and sports program.
2. The new Carmel Unified High School District which will become effective July 1, 1939, will contract with the Monterey Union High School District for

the education of the Carmel students enrolled in grades 10, 11, and 12. The following year Carmel will initiate a full four-year high school.

3. The Board of Trustees will institute a Carmel High School Adult Evening School program for the year 1939-40. This program will be planned to meet the needs and wishes of our community.

The problems that confront us are varied and difficult. We will need your cooperation, your patience and goodwill in our attempts to build for the young people of Carmel an outstanding institution of secondary education.

—OTTO W. BARDARSON

++ +

YES, we send THE CYMBAL abroad—and for only Two Dollars a year.

IRVING K. TAYLOR, WINTER VISITOR HERE, IS DEAD

Irving K. Taylor of Santa Barbara died at his home last Thursday, March 23. This news will mean much to many people in Carmel, not only the Howes family on Casanova street, he having been Mrs. Howes' brother and Marion's uncle, but to the many friends he made during the eight winters that he and Mrs. Taylor spent in Carmel. Their summers had always been spent at Bass River, Cape Cod.

Marion Howes and her father, R. C. Howes, went down to Santa Barbara last week when news was received that Irving Taylor was seriously ill. They returned last Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Taylor and her son, William, who came on from New York for the funeral, both returned to New York.

++ +

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AS THE CROW FRIES

THAT UMBRELLA

Consider the umbrella
Of the famous Neville C.
I'd hate to be the fella
Who must shelter in its lee.
It isn't that its lines are crude,
For I am not a snobbish dude,
But underneath its amplitude
Is no security.

When skies were merely cloudy
And it hadn't been unfurled
This symbol black and dowdy
Gave assurance to the world.
And friendly nations all were sure
That everything was quite secure.
For that umbrella would endure
Though thunderbolts were hurled.

When breezes chill and biting
Swept the European plains
He told them, "By uniting
We can save a lot of pains.
So gather and protect me well
From winds that almost make me jell
And I will raise my umberell
Above us when it rains."

They bowed and took their places
All around his solemn form.
The tempest chapped their faces
But they stayed and kept him warm.
But when the rain began to fall
His poor umbrella proved too small
It simply wouldn't shelter all
Of them from such a storm.

So now the startled nations
Make belated plans to skip
Abandoning the stations
Where their one reward was gripe.
They even eye the Nazi camp
With longing, though it's grim and damp,
For under Neville's famous gamp
They only get the drip.

Mussolini's address of March 26 offers an extremely simple and lucid exposition of the doctrine of force in international affairs. According to that doctrine you decide what you want; you subordinate all else to putting yourself in a position to take it, "even if it should mean wiping out all that is called civil life"; and then you take it.

You go without butter to get yourself cannon. And then when you have enough cannon you take the butter that belongs to someone else. So in the end you have both the cannon and the butter.

But of course the final success of such a plan depends upon your being able to build more cannon than the other fellow. If he decides that in order ever to have any butter he'll have to have the cannon to keep you out of his dairy the whole thing ends in a stalemate. Everybody has cannon and nobody has butter.

At present the world is heading that way. And one reason for this is the fact that Mussolini and Hitler and the Japanese do what they say they'll do. They may tell minor untruths for the purposes of diplomacy, shoddy materials for foreign consumption, but when they set a course they steer it. So it is necessary for the democracies to steer a similar course or have their wind taken away from them.

Today the rule of force is in the ascendant. But this does not mean that it is a better rule than that of honest international agreement. It merely means that the latter rule has not been given a fair trial.

For just as the cannon which back the rule of force must be sound, so must the commitments which back the rule of international agreements. And with the refusal of the so-called moral nations to interfere resolutely with Japan's first

adventure in Manchuria collective security began to be individual insecurity. This process has continued till now the little fellow who happens to be under the gun is painfully aware that he may put more reliance in the promise of the dictator nations to attack him than in the promise of the democracies to defend him.

Hitler may be a liar, but he lies to his enemies; and even to them he has given a chart of the course which he intends to follow. Britain and France, on the other hand, are put in the position of having lied to their friends. And much as one dislikes Herr Hitler it is difficult to see where, in this particular respect, he has been less moral than Chamberlain and Daladier.

In the circumstances it is not surprising that Poland and Rumania are not anxious to become the shock troops of France and England. Though they may have much to lose by surrendering to the dictators they only dare stand up against them if they can count on immediate and adequate support from the democracies. And the democracies have proved that they cannot count on this.

So there doesn't seem to be much to do but go on building cannon and to hope that a craving for butter will put an end to the madness before it resolves itself into a craving for blood. And when the wheel turns toward a saner and more kindly feeling among nations we may have another chance to found an international order based on commitments.

Then, if those commitments are honestly made and honestly lived up to the world will be a far happier place than it is today. But the history of diplomacy does not, alas, offer any tremendously brilliant hope for the attainment of honest

commitments honestly lived up to.

ON PROFITS AND WAR

About the question of "taking the profits out of war": Where did anyone get the idea that there were any profits in war, anyhow?

It is true that fortunes have been amassed by persons who supplied armies with munitions, but in order that those people might make fortunes other people had to lose fortunes.

For during war the national wealth decreases. The nation's energies are turned to fighting and the manufacture of materials whose sole end is to go up in smoke and fragments. There's no increase in real wealth there.

New plant for the production of peacetime commodities is not built, and old plant depreciates. There's no increase in real wealth there.

And while munitions factories are built and equipped their productive life cannot continue after the war is over without costly adaptations, and even then they may not be as efficient for peacetime production as plants built especially for that purpose.

So there just aren't any profits in war, though sometimes inflation makes them appear on paper. Anyone who gets richer while a war is going on is doing so at the expense of someone else who grows poorer.

And foremost among the people who get poorer is the soldier, who leaves his own business unattended to and lives and dies on a wage of a dollar a day in a time of inflated wages and prices.

Still, this transfer of wealth from people who fight to people who provide supplies is no more unreasonable than the whole grisly business of humans going out to kill each other—and perhaps no more avoidable. There is no reason why we should expect war to obey the laws of sound economics when it violates the laws of sound humanity.

War profits may be logically necessary to the illogic of war itself.

THE FOOL'S ERRAND

3. The Fool Meets an Angry Man.

Skiping along on his way toward the city the king's fool overtook an angry looking man with an aura of substance about him. And being what he was the fool bade him a cheery "good morrow."

"Good morrow nothing!" retorted the other, "Today's awful, and tomorrow will be hell."

"But why?" asked the fool.

"Because it's not yesterday. Ah, yesterday was wonderful."

"Oh, I don't know," shrugged the fool. "Yesterday was all right in its place, but where is its place today?"

Though yesterday was quite O.K.

And we were all in clover,

I turn away from yesterday

For yesterday is over.

Today is what we all have got,

And it is what we make it.

You like it not. All right, So what?

We've simply got to take it.

And while it is wrong to speak ill of the dead—such as yesterday—it is even worse to dig them up."

"But look at what our fool king is doing to us!" the angry man snapped back.

"Hold," returned the jester. "You mustn't speak of the 'fool king' when you are talking to the King's fool. It makes for ambiguity."

"Now wait," the angry man grunted. "You have just come from the farming country, haven't you?"

"Yea."

"And you've seen how the king is trying to create abundance by plowing things under?"

"I don't know what he is trying

to create," the jester returned. "But I am inclined toward the feeling that what is happening there shows that there is something wrong somewhere."

Although I know that I'm a fool

And scant was my instruction,

I cannot but support the rule

That wealth requires production.

To make one blade of grass wave

free

Where two blades lately flour-

ished

Would seem to me to guarantee

A nation undernourished."

"Right," snapped the man. "Any fool can see it. It is inconceivable that the government should destroy wealth that way."

"Nothing is inconceivable," the fool responded. "But I see your point."

"I am a manufacturer," the angry man went on. "And I know that business can't be conducted in such a silly way."

The fool was greatly impressed. He had always wanted to meet a manufacturer. But something was worrying him.

"I am told, though," he ventured, "that you manufacturers aren't producing as much wealth as you might, either. Does the government pay you to plow under part of your production too?"

"Certainly not!" the manufacturer declared. "We are capable of doing that without any help from the government."

"But why do you do it?" the fool inquired innocently.

"Because if we didn't we'd go broke," the other shot back. "We can produce all we can sell at a profit."

"And do you think the farmer should produce more than he can sell at a profit?" the fool asked.

"Though maybe plowing under's wrong

And at it I must bridle,
It seems to me to go along
With letting plants stand idle.
The farmer doesn't want to fail.
He's seeking to prevent it.
But business houses, too, curtail
So why should they resent it?"

"It isn't the farmer's plowing his crops under that we resent," the manufacturer growled, "It's the government's paying him to do it."

The fool nodded.

"Perhaps it would be better to plow the farmer himself under," he mused.

He said it softly because he wasn't sure. For it occurred to him that if the government didn't do something for the farmer he might have to quit farming; and then the manufacturer and the fool would have to quit eating.

Still, things like that did work themselves out somehow.

"Now, don't be funny!" protested the manufacturer.

"I don't intend to," the fool assured him. "For this is my day off. I intend to be extremely serious in my own foolish way. Nor shall I object to your being extremely foolish in your own serious way. Turn about's fair play, you know."

"Just what do you mean by that?" challenged the manufacturer.

"Merely this" smiled the fool:

"The course of every man is wise
When viewed from where he's sitting.

But sometimes to another's eyes
It's foolish and unfitting.

We're all aboard the selfsame boat;
With minds a trifle addled;

And though it's leaking it will float
If it is rightly paddled.

But how can we get safe to shore,
Despite our hectic labors,
If each of us puts in his oar
To pull against his neighbors?"

—RICHARD L. MASTEN

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"The wittles is up!"



And now, as a last word on the subject, comes the California version of clam chowder!

Lillian-Boe-Ross of Salinas sends the following contribution which, while it can't push the genuine New England article out of its place at the top, is what she claims for it—"a really delicious version of clam chowder."

"Into the Great Clam Chowder Controversy sponsored by the State of Maine, Monterey County, California, tosses its ten-gallon hat and a head of its famous lettuce."

"Californios never will be serfs! the Western cooks shouted, flourishing a banner with a clam rampant, crossed skillets couchant. A Salinas housewife (Rodeo influence, this) tossed her head and snorted, 'Neigh! Neigh!' to Maine's crafty move to legislate what was legal for the chowder bowl."

"In that dark hour of crisis was born *Treasure Island Clam Chowder*, a delectable dish, pepped up by the addition of Salinas Valley lettuce. Triumphant tasters declare that though it used to be said, 'As Maine goes, so goes the nation,' chowder bowls in the State of Maine will become dust-bowls unless their chowder goes *Treasure Island*."

"Here is the original Salinian recipe for Monterey County *Treasure Island Clam Chowder*, to serve four:

"Mince 2 slices bacon, fry slowly and add 1/2 medium-sized onion. When lightly golden, add 1 good-sized potato cut in 1/2 in. dice and 1 1/2 cups water. Simmer until potato is done, then add 1 cup undiluted canned milk, 1/2 cup Golden Bantam corn and 1 can minced clams (or fresh Moss Landing clams if you can). NOW add 1/2 head of crisp Salinas Valley lettuce, cut fine, and bring just to the boiling point, salt and pepper to taste and serve."

"Plus toasted crackers, coffee and dessert, this chowder will make any Sunday night hostess a reputation. MAINE hostesses please copy!"

Of the many cook books I have perused since starting this column one of the most interesting and unusual is "Smorgasbord" by Gerda Simonson. Miss Simonson distinguished herself by being the first woman to establish a Swedish restaurant with Smorgasbord in New York when, in 1914, she opened the Scandia Restaurant. Since then the popularity of the Smorgasbord has spread widely and it is no longer the novelty it was at first when only travelers to Sweden and on the Swedish American Line steamers knew what a delicious and charming custom this is.

At the end of a book full of choice recipes Miss Simonson gives a lively description of a typical wedding feast in the Province of Westergotland, Sweden, which took place in the simple days of 1898. Getting married according to the best Swedish custom was certainly something to write home about! After reading her account I feel as if the most elaborate meal I ever participated in was no more than a bite at a quick lunch counter in comparison. I'm going to feed you a little of this fascinating story at a time, not having space

for all of it at once, and I know you will be glad not to miss it.

Miss Simonson writes:

Carl came from America, where after fifteen years of hard work and saving, he had accumulated what was then considered quite a fortune in Sweden. Carl had helped his brother to buy a factory in a thrifty and prosperous community and for himself purchased a large lovely estate in the vicinity, and they both prospered. After a brief courtship, Carl had wooed and won Selma—a pretty, intelligent girl of twenty-five.

I received an invitation to be hostess at Selma's wedding in August, 1898. Ordinarily, particular friends of the bride were invited to perform the duties of host and hostess. I was thrilled at the request, as that was considered a great honor to be given one so young as I. Having excitedly equipped myself with clothes for the occasion and procured a wedding present, I started north, arriving at Selma's home a week before the wedding.

It was customary in this part of the country, whenever there was a large festival or gathering of people, for the neighbors and guests to send some kind of food to help, not only with the expense, but also with the work of feeding so many. Tante and Uncle had slaughtered a bull, calves, sheep, geese, chickens and what not! The storerooms were packed with meat and fish of all kinds. Liquor, wines, and beer were brought in kegs, casks, and barrels in quantities one would think enough for an army.

Two days before the wedding, presents began to pour in—silver, copper, pewter, tin, linen, glass, china, and last—but not least—food. Food in every imaginable shape and form—boxes, cases, jars, crocks, and bundles of food.

Besides the immense main house, there were two buildings in which many shelves had been installed, and there we piled butter, eggs, puddings of all kinds, cheese-cakes, egg cakes, masses of coffee-cakes, fancy Swedish cakes, "Tarta" with ten to fifteen layers pyramid shaped, all kinds of cookies, etc. I do not remember ten per cent of the things we received, nor at the time could I understand how we would be able to dispose of all that food.

I was determined to serve "glace" as dessert at the wedding dinner, as at that time ice cream was a novelty in the rural sections of Sweden. We started the freezing the day before the wedding. We had no freezers, of course, so we placed large copper kettles in barrels filled with ice and salt; then, with a wooden spatula, removed the frozen cream from the edges—repeating this every hour until finally it was all frozen. I remember distinctly how nervous I was; even after being all dressed for the wedding I ran out to see that the "glace" was all right. I felt fully repaid for my trouble, however, when one old man, who had never before tasted ice cream, exclaimed, "Da' va' en satans grot te va' kall!" (This is a devil of a cold porridge!) . . . (More next time.)

At the end of the book is a list of twenty toasts in the various languages of the world. After study-

We're Sorry, But We Can't Find Much To Praise in Players' 35-Cent Show

As a rule two comedies and a melodrama are in the manner of loaded dice. Tossing them onto a stage, a bunch of amateurs can't very well lose. It seems, therefore, too bad to have to report that a score of ambitious thespians gathered together by the Carmel Players in the Green Room last Saturday night threw only one natural. The melodrama, quite the easiest one to toss for a score, was the only dice that won. Fortunately, the Bob Bratt-directed "He Ain't Done Right by Our Nell" was the last thing on the program and gave the audience a little something with which to leaven the rest of the evening.

In the first offering, "Everybody's Doing It," seven girls at intervals came out on the stage and spoke their lines. Ellen Skadan, with some business provided by the script and a few humorous lines, was able to set herself against the dull background of the others, but that was all that happened. The program says that Billy France directed the thing. He couldn't have. Nobody directed it. It wasn't directed. It was just seven girls speaking pieces and none of them, except possibly Miss Skadan, speaking them very well. The others in the cast were Lillian Woolsey, Clara Sohl, Barbara Crompton, Betty Rae Sutton, Mary O. Ballard and Marja Davies. They may all be good potential actresses. One wouldn't know from "Everybody's

Doing It."

"The Red Lamp," which the program says is a "two-act comedy," wasn't much better. Del Page directed this. We would humbly suggest that Del turn his attention definitely to acting, which he does immeasurably better than good, and that Billy France stick to making stage sets, which he does excellently. Those in "The Red Lamp" cast were Tom Chandler, Dick Carter, Beatrice Jones, Ellen Brown, Alice James and Jack Wachtel. They may all turn out to be good actors—we wouldn't know from Saturday night.

"He Ain't Done Right by Our Nell" couldn't help going over, it being the sort of thing it is. The "Little Nell" stuff is always good entertainment. And in this offering of the evening, some members of the cast helped immensely. Jessie Joan Brown helped even more than that. She was superb as the delicate little flower in the mess of thistles. She got the applause, too; stopping the show on her first exit. Georgianna Good and Del Page were swell, and Bob Bratt was Bob Bratt, than which there is little whither. The others in the cast were Rosalind Sharpe, Barbara Ames and Harry Perkins.

With coffee and doughnuts and one of the regular Carmel Players' get-togethers topping off the hilarity of the final stage offering, the evening turned out to be a success.

—W. K. B.

P. G. & E. Provides Boys With Book On Kites

The P. G. & E. has an axe to grind, but we like the way it does the grinding.

For instance, our friend, T. W. Snell, who is manager or something for the Coast Valleys Division of the company in Salinas, dropped in on us the past week with a little booklet, issued by his company, containing designs for kites and details as to construction. Apparently it is issued for the use of boys and girls.

But on the cover of it we find these words:

"Always Remember:

"Never fly a kite near electric or trolley wires. Never climb poles or yank on the string to untangle a kite. If a kite should fly into the electric lines, call the nearest P. G. & E. office and a lineman, properly equipped, will remove the kite. Never build or fly a kite with metal or wire in the frame or tail. Never run across highways while flying a kite. Never use tinsel string, wire, or any kind of twine that has any metallic substance in it. Use only plain cotton or linen cord. Never fly a kite during a rainstorm. A wet string of whatever material is as good as metal for conducting electricity."

The booklet is what we'd call a sugar-coated warning. And it's

ing them my choice would be the Zulu "Oogy Wawa!"

—CONSTANT EATER



mighty sensible, too. We approve of this admonition business of Mr. Snell's great big public utility company.

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CLANGING CYMBALS

GREYMOUSE, HER LIVES AND LOVE

For Mrs. Smith at the Big Sur Post Office, who, like myself, is partial to cats.



She started life fittingly enough as Houdini. My mother, who always attended to the drowning of such kittens as bade fair to be surplus at Fernside had put her and a litter-kin or two into a bag hurriedly before breakfast and left them in the shed in a bucket of water. When father came in along the shedway from doing his morning chores something in the bucket moved and caught his eye. A kitten clinging to a floating piece of soap that had slipped off the wash-bench nearby. How it got out of the bag (for its companions were all thoroughly drowned), how it mustered the strength (it couldn't have been more than a few hours old) to get a grip on its precarious raft—in short, what series of minor miracles had compounded the event, remained one of Greymouse's many closely-guarded secrets throughout her lives. And it is one of those brief footnotes to irony that it was father who saved her life that time. He brought her tenderly in and put her back at breast beside the old highboy in the chimney corner.

I don't remember anything further about her, for I had left home and was there only occasionally, until she had become a fixture in the big kitchen at Fernside. By then she was just Greymouse, mother's cat. As I think of it now, it seems to me she must have been there always, like the highboy itself and the kitchen stove; and even mother. Dragging her scrawny length out from under the stove, blinking; or sitting erect and fast asleep by the Star of Bethlehem on the sewing machine by the sunny south windows; or placidly nursing her young down in the corner, uttering such sounds of reprimand or reassurance as were demanded of her.

You would have hardly thought to look at her that she was the one bone of contention in our family. Indeed, you would hardly have thought anything at all to look at her, so completely unprepossessing a cat she was. Thin and peaked all over with her dun fur straggly. She had one of those offensive tails, petering out into nothing, that stuck straight up in the air showing itself and its owner to the worst possible advantage. When she walked she seemed to apologize for it; when she sat by mother's skirts gazing up while mother disembowelled a chicken or pounded a steak, her tail lying straight out on the floor behind her, she looked too stupid to make one good fiddle string.

That was only her looks. We should have known our mother better than to take her cat at such a value. Our mother had a flair for excitement, for strange thrilling people and potential risk. She knew a personality when she saw one.

Greymouse shared the bone of family contention with an ancient redolent pipe. For my mother, in the thirty-six years she dwelt in passionate lovingness with my father, could never abide his pipe in the house and my father suffered constant personal affront at the thought of a house-cat. Cats belonged in the barn. The kind of hatred—and it was nothing less—

that my father had for Greymouse has been equalled in my experience by only two other hates; that between men and women and my father's own brand of loathing (I do not share this) for one Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Well, matters stood at that kind of impasse for years. One typical oft-repeated picture comes to mind. Supper is over. Father has finished his last chores and comes stomping into the house just as mother gets out the bread pan to mix up a batch of bread. When father comes through the shed door a little grey thing like a wisp of the night itself slips between his legs into the kitchen. After he has taken off his cap and hung it on a peg over the woodbox he washes his hands at the pump, sloughs off his boots, settles himself in a tipped-back chair by the stove, puts his stockinged feet up on the water tank and lights up.

That old pipe is the most I ever heard my mother actually say on the subject. But she managed somehow to convey the utterance of whole dictionaries, mute thesauri, on poor father's stinking weed. You could see it was a kind of pleasure for him to sit there and reek, for it was the only way he could plague her.

Presently the bread was set to rise and mother went into the sitting room to read. Father got up, stretched, wound his watch, pumped himself a glass of water and started for the corner cupboard and his nightly pinch of senna leaves. And without any variation in the routine that I can remember in years, just as he crossed the room from the sink to the cupboard, Greymouse crossed in front of him and he tripped on her.

The next second you'd have sworn she'd never left off her ablutions by the stove leg. There she'd be back in the identical spot, whisking away at the same thin whisker. Likely as not father's quick toe had accelerated this phenomenon.

It was this quality of apparent disengagement in the midst of the most strenuous and appalling events that distinguished her in the first place. She would be sitting in the window defying comparison with a bright geranium, an abominable travesty on a beloved well-fed cat, apparently in a complete stupor. And in the next moment she would be coming up from the garden with a rabbit so big she had to push it, and father's young carrots out of danger. Or slink in between father's legs and deposit a weasel at mother's feet, when not one of father's barn cats was quick enough for that. But invariably, just as father might have given her ungrudging praise for service to his precious prize Black Langhans, Greymouse would get under his feet and the laudation turn bitter on his tongue.

It was the fact that Greymouse was a man's woman that astonished us most. You know the kind. You could practically hear the fine handsome barn cats whispering among themselves. Whatever a Tomcat sees in that one, they would say.

But up to the very last time she crept out of the kitchen with that strange leer in her eyes, her suitors outnumbered those of any other cat on the place.

In the fourteen years of her nubility she remained faithful to Danger. And twice a year during this time, Danger, the handsomest cat in five counties, came ten miles across lots from his house to ours to court and caress, though the last

few times he was almost blind and Greymouse had an asthma that somewhat blighted the quality of her love song.

She would be sitting by the stove leg washing. Quite suddenly she would get up and walk to the back kitchen door and look up at the knob. Mother would let her out and she would walk three steps on to the doorrock and resume her wash. If you looked carefully you could then have seen, just above the sweetfern tops in the back pasture, the tip of a handsome tail progressing. Greymouse would half wash her face off, playing that little feminine game. When Danger slunk up onto the stone wall that encircled the house, perhaps she would glance up, and then quickly look the other way. As soon as he got within reaching distance she would slap him roundly across the face and stalk off into the Jerusalem artichokes or stray away after a chipmunk.

Then she was, of course, the most perfect of mothers. She never took it too seriously and therefore did it supremely well. Out of her thin little body flowed abundance. Her kittens were fat and beautiful, invariably resembling their father. A surplus of milk sprang from her ample breasts after each nursing. She seemed to have the greatest fun at mothering, as if she and her mistress had learned their lesson at the same sweet mysterious font of knowledge. And, like her mistress, when her kittens could get about by themselves, she slapped them down and stalked out on a hunt.

So she had the inward grace that redeems, and grew in that as fine women grow. She was a person in our house, entrenched and harboured with respect. But to my father she was still anathema and for the first ten years of her second life she lived in imminent danger of her third.

This second life came to its conclusion on a stifling July day at suppertime. A storm began brewing during the late afternoon and there was new-cut hay in the south field. Father had been in the hot sun all day and when he sat down to supper in the summer dining room he had just made out of this new-fangled wall-board, he was not a man to brook much meddling. I cannot imagine what he could have been thinking when she had a certain wicked sure perversity, in her chair at the table she jumped up into his lap.

In a split second she was clean through the new wall-board. We all sat there aghast. Right in one of father's well-fitted walls gaped a ragged hole three times the size of a cat. She must have gone through whirling.

Father scraped back his chair and went out, muttering, I'll wring that cat's neck if it's the last thing I do.

Mother's mouth was set in a firm line and down the corners of her eyes two tears shone in the dusk. She helped herself to fried potato. Presently father came back. He helped himself to fried potato. There wasn't a word spoken at that meal. If you wanted the salt you kept right on wanting the salt.

After the thunder storm had come and gone, mother got out the bread pan and started mixing a batch of bread. Father came in from his last look-around and hung his cap on its peg over the woodbox. When he opened the door a grey wisp like a piece of the summer night itself slipped in between his legs.

Mother didn't speak, but a kind of wicked little twinkle crossed her tired eyes. Just as father had got his pipe going, sucking the noisy

first drafts, he saw mother's cat, carefully washing her neck by the stove leg.

And then, for my father is a just man and a man with a sense of humor, he got up out of his chair, took Greymouse lovingly in his arms and resumed his smoke.

She died in her third life, peacefully of old age and full of the chicken with which my father insisted on stuffing her. In her anility she became a glutton but to the utmost end she remained scrawny and ragged and fascinating to the other sex.

I like especially to remember the last time I saw her. As plain a cat as you could set your eyes upon. Sitting on the back doorrock washing her face.

For three months it had seemed to all of us that the very life of Fernside had stopped short in its tracks. She, as well as we, had wandered about the house day after day in desperate longing for that step on the kitchen floorboards, that hand that reached under the table with morsels, the fingers that had turned so many doorknobs for us all. It was no use. And all the quick life processes that had made Fernside a speck of incomparable vitality on the face of the earth seemed lopped and dead. My mother could not have borne it that way; she who trod over deaths lightly to other life; who pulled up roots hurriedly to make way for seed.

And I was thinking of this when I pulled on my gloves preparatory to going back to New York to take up my own life again. I stood in the middle of the sun-ridden kitchen with despair for company. I saw Greymouse get up from her place by the stove leg, cross the room to the back kitchen and look up at the knob. When I let her out she walked three sedate steps onto the doorrock and sat down there. Just over the tops of the sweetfern in the back pasture, I could see the tip of a fine-furred tail.

—LYNDA SARGENT

+ + +

Motorists in the Fresno area will find the trip to Dinuba via Jensen Avenue, thence through Sanger, Reedley and Parlier one of unusual beauty at this time, states the Fresno office of the National Automobile

Club. The almond, plum, apricot and peach trees are all in bloom and are a mass of color, ranging from white to delicate pink and almost deep red. Many acres are in bloom and the entire trip is replete with beauty.

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Personalities & Personals

Sally Fry isn't the only one starting for Mexico this week-end. Sam Colburn and Ted Leidig are going, too, Ted to study Spanish at the University at Mexico City, and Sam to paint. Sally will be going down in the train, but Sam and Ted will drive down together. Ted has heard that Mexico is alive with exiles from various countries. He'd like to interview them, get their opinions, experiences, and so on, and, in particular, he'd like to have a chat with Trotsky.

There was an informal get-together at Phil Nesbitt's house on Sunday afternoon, his place, high in Carmel Woods, being one of those rare spots exuding charm and hospitality where good friends like to gather at odd moments. Among those who casually dropped by were Jon and Frances Konigshofer, Sam Colburn, Dave Davis, Connie Palmer, Herbert Viele, Betty Kiscadden, Bubbles Hampton, Phil Nesbitt and Bubs Iverson.

Gertrude Woods gave a talk at La Playa Friday afternoon on the Arts and Science buildings at the San Francisco Fair. She came down from the city with her secretary, Myron Nevis, and Harvey Taylor, who sponsored her. Few of us knew about it and her audience was a small one. Afterwards, with Janie Otto, they went over to the Don Clarks and joined the group who were wishing Don a happy birthday, among them Willard Whitney and Louise Hampton and Dr. and Mrs. Ray Brownell.

Dr. Roderic O'Connor, famous

eye specialist, has sold his Piedmont house and he and Mrs. O'Connor will be spending much more of their time at their Monterey Peninsula Country Club home hereafter. The doctor, who maintains offices in both Oakland and San Francisco, is opening another office in Carmel, and expects to spend his week-ends here and devote part of that time to looking after his Peninsula patients. He and Mrs. O'Connor have taken an apartment in Oakland to use when they are not at the Country Club.

Dave Davis and the rest of the lads entertained in honor of Miss Marion Sutro last Saturday at the Seymour house on Carmel Point where they are all living. Miss Sutro was the guest of Dr. Roderic O'Connor at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club last week-end. Among the guests were Jean and Ray Draper, Ted Leidig, Sally Fry, Gregory Teaby, Connie Palmer, Herbert Viele, Betty Kiscadden, Bubbles Hampton, Phil Nesbitt and Bubs Iverson.

Caroline Van Evera, who has been living this winter in Carmel and spending her days painting, either in her own studio on Camino Real, at Armin Hansen's class at the Art Institute, or at Burton Boundey's class at Monterey Union High school, left last Wednesday morning for the south. She will stay at the Riviera Club in Hollywood for a few weeks and during that time make a definite decision in regard to her North Cape cruise. War clouds rising forebodingly are inclining her to the opinion that this country is a much pleasanter place than Europe in which to live. If her plans are carried out, the summer will be spent driving through the Scandinavian countries with friends, and then when winter comes, England, where a friend has a home in Surrey which she wants Miss Van Evera to share with her for a while. But if these plans are discarded it is not unlikely that Carmel will see this hard-working painter and charming person again next fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Burleigh Chase Murray returned last Sunday from San Jose where they had been the guests of Miss Anne Williams. They went up on Friday and attended the Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt lecture at the auditorium.

Betty Jukes went up to Santa Cruz for the hunter trials last Sunday. She was a guest of the Deming Wheelers and attended the Hunt Dinner at Rio Del Mar.

Mr. and Mrs. James Witkowski, who have taken two of the Normandy apartments in order to dispense more of their well-known hospitality, entertained their nephew, George M. Wolf, his wife and his son, Ernest, and Mrs. Ann Carroll. The Wolfs live in San Francisco, and Mrs. Carroll is secretary to Adolph Kutzman down in Los Angeles.

Sally Glaser arrived in Carmel last Saturday from school in Win-

netka and will be here for the Easter holidays. Her father was coming with her but wasn't able to break away from business until a few days later. He arrived last Tuesday which was just in time to celebrate Sally's sixteenth birthday. They are having a party for her, a family affair, which will be held at the Bissinger home on San Antonio, which the Glasers have been calling their home this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Doolittle were up in San Francisco last week-end.

Mrs. Andrew Jukes and her daughter, Miss Laura, left La Playa, where they have been staying all winter, and went home to Vancouver last Monday. Miss Betty Jukes is postponing her trip home until April 6, at which time her maternal grandmother, with whom she has been staying, will leave for Evanston, Illinois, taking young Michael back to his mother, Mrs. Robert Greer, who was here for a month during the first part of the year. Betty has been hard at work at the Art Institute all winter and has been turning out some fine stuff.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert Greer have been having fun at Sun Valley, Idaho, this winter. Mrs. Greer made many friends during her Carmel interlude but Dr. Greer has Carmel still to look forward to.

The Tony Lawrences have been entertaining Mrs. Lawrence's sister and brother-in-law, the Marshall Wyvells of Los Angeles who returned to the south last Wednesday.

Eric Coster had his cousin, Speirs Ruskell, up for a week. Speirs returned to Hollywood on Tuesday morning. He is doing bit parts down there and recently appeared as one of the aviators in "Dawn Patrol." When Eric visited Ireland in 1934 he brought his cousin back with him and Carmel knew him for almost a year before Speirs went down to Hollywood. As the story goes, he didn't get any breaks at all for too long, but lately they have been coming. Now we understand that Speirs' brother, Victor, will be here soon, arriving in New York tomorrow from County Wicklow. Victor is interested primarily in horseracing and has some idea of settling down in Carmel Valley and applying his Irish methods of farming to that fertile soil. He'll undoubtedly raise horses, too.

Michel Maskewitz was back in town last Monday, looked after a few pupils and returned to San Francisco yesterday.

Miss Laura Diersen returned to Carmel last Monday morning. She had been up in San Francisco for two weeks visiting her sister, Mrs. Karl Hoffman.

Mr. and Mrs. V. G. Burnam want you all to know how happy they are. A girl was born to them last Saturday at the Peninsula Community Hospital and they are all doing well, even the father.

Mr. and Mrs. Idan Conn, plus Jeanne and Robert, will come down from Sausalito the first part of next week to spend Easter vacation with the Ernest Morehouses and Alice. The plan is for the Morehouses to go back with them before Easter holidays are quite over and take their first peek at the Fair.

Mrs. Leon Guggenheim of San Francisco opened her Brocklebank apartment there last Saturday afternoon to a number of people who

wanted to hear Michel Maskewitz play the piano. Tea was served following the recital. Among those who attended were Mrs. J. Koshland, sister of Mrs. Guggenheim, A. Ray Burrell, Mary Pasmore, Laura Diersen, Mrs. Karl Hoffman and R. E. Diersen, brother of our Miss Diersen and of Mrs. Hoffman.

De Neale Morgan returned Monday night from a brief painting trip that took her down through Paso Robles and Templeton. She stayed at a ranch outside of Templeton and, in looking backwards, grew ecstatic about the spring colors she had seen there.

Mrs. A. L. Sowter, who has just returned to the Peninsula after an extended tour of Africa and England, is staying in one of the cottages at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club until her own home is completely ready for her. Mrs. Sowter is an aunt of Terry Ogden and it was Terry who drove up to San Francisco last week-end to bring her home after her trip across

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Dr. Leland Taylor Chapin of the department of speech at Stanford University, and H. V. Lee, president of the student body at Stanford, were guests of Lynda Sargent down at the Log House at Big Sur last week-end.

Rosalind Sharpe has a new job. She's working on the staff of the Monterey library.

MISSION RANCH CLUB

Joining the group whose habit it is to drop in at the Mission Ranch Club on Sunday evening for the buffet supper was Don Blanding and his week-end guest, Mrs. Erna Tilley, of Tacoma, Washington.

Arthur Pitcaichley arrived at the Club on Wednesday and stayed until today when he left for the south.

Colonel and Mrs. Sheldon Anding of Santa Fe, New Mexico, spent last Tuesday night at the Club as guests of the Ray Forces. The Colonel and Mrs. Anding had driven down from San Francisco on their way to Santa Fe. With them was Mrs. J. Willis Goodwin, grandmother of Mrs. Force, who is staying overnight with Ray and Phoebe.

A mob turned up for the Monday night bridge, 12 players from Salinas arriving unexpectedly. This meant that eight tables were in play. Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Low took top score and Mrs. Marion Karr and David Eldridge came in second.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Cummings from Berkeley are guests at the Club.

FOREST LODGE

Mrs. Camille M. Hall is making Forest Lodge her home for an indefinite period and Mrs. Frank Marshall is staying her for a week. Both Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Marshall are of Carmel. The George K. Beards come down frequently from Modesto to visit with Mrs. Hall, who is Mrs. Beard's mother.

Mrs. E. J. Sherwin, formerly of Carmel but now of Pasadena, spent last week-end at Forest Lodge with Mrs. George C. Monroe of Smith Haven, Michigan, who has been wintering in Pasadena with Mrs. Sherwin.

Mrs. J. A. Wigmore and Mrs. H. W. Kidd came up from Pasadena for the week-end, leaving Tuesday morning. Mrs. Wigmore's husband is associated with the polo team.

K. L. Springer, Monterey Air-

ways executive, is living at Forest Lodge.

MONTEREY PENINSULA COUNTRY CLUB

The end-of-the-month buffet dinner held last Sunday night at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club attracted more than 55 members and guests. Keno and bridge were played in the Indian Room afterwards. Interest held high on the

Calcutta Pool, in connection with the Warren J. Clear challenge trophy, held last Wednesday night after the men's dinner. On Thursday night the weekly Thursday-nighters' dinner was held and among the reservations was that of Lt. Col. and Mrs. J. E. Slack for 30 guests.

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Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

"PAL"

(With apologies to Munro Leaf)

Once upon a time in Carmel there was a big dog and his name was Pal. All the other dogs who lived there would run and jump and play, but not Pal. He liked to just sit quietly on his favorite corner and smell the air for hamburgers.

One day five men in funny hats came to pick the biggest, smartest, peppiest dog to act in the movie in Monterey.

All the other dogs ran around barking and yipping, leaping and jumping so the men would think they were very smart and peppy.

But not Pal. He decided to just sit quietly on his favorite corner and smell the air for hamburgers. He didn't look where he was sitting and instead of sitting on the nice, cool sidewalk, he sat on a flea—and the flea bit Pal. He jumped up with a growl and ran around barking and yipping, leaping and jumping.

The five men saw him and shouted with pleasure for here was the biggest, smartest, peppiest dog to act in the movie in Monterey. So they took him away for the movie in a car.

What a scene it was! All of the people had gathered by the stage to see Pal act in the movie. First there came the Make-up man, and then the Camera-man, and then the Director, the most important of all.

Pal ran to the middle of the stage and everyone cheered and clapped their hands because they thought he was going to growl and yip and act smart and peppy.

But not Pal. He just sat down quietly and smelled the air for hamburgers.

The Make-up man was mad and the Camera-man was madder and the Director was maddest of all.

So they had to take Pal home.

And now he is just sitting quietly on his favorite corner smelling the air for hamburgers.

+

Alf Miller says that as confining as the quarantine is, it has its compensations—in his case at least. For now his pal, Don Blanding, can't get out of his sight!

If Don stays at home, Alf stays with him. If Don goes out, Alf goes out with him, on a leash. He thinks it is very much better to have Don secured on the other end of the leash where Alf can keep an eye on him, than to have him wandering off some place where Alf had to run around looking for him.

+

However, the quarantine affected Duchess Welsh quite differently—it made her perverse. She had always been a home-girl, preferring to stay in her own back-yard to going out adventuring around the neighborhood.

Then came the quarantine and the Duchess was told that she must stay in her own yard. That did it! She immediately decided that she was tired of being a home-girl, and that she should see more of the surrounding country, and that she should get around a bit. She just wasn't going to sit home all day.

Fortunately, her owner, Mrs. Rae Welsh, discovered her intentions in time and had the fence around the yard made several inches higher.

So now the Duchess just sits and looks at the fence and pouts.

'Orage' or 'Tempest,' Gripping Film At Filmarte Tuesday; 'Edge of the World' Tonight, Saturday



CHARLES BOYER and MICHELE MORGAN in "Orage" which starts Tuesday at the Filmarte.

The polished finesse for which Charles Boyer is famous is evident throughout "Orage," a profoundly moving love story which begins at the Filmarte next Tuesday for an indefinite run.

Michele Morgan plays opposite Boyer in this French production with printed English dialog, and Lisette Lanvin plays the part of the devoted and understanding wife of Boyer.

"Orage" is an Andre Bevan production adapted from the Henry Bernstein play, "Le Venin," in which Boyer appeared on the Paris speaking stage. It pictures the efforts of a quiet, unassuming engineer to rid his heart of his suddenly-acquired infatuation for a beautiful girl and remain steadfast to his lovely wife. The storm of agitation which assails the three players in this triangle is depicted not with an overemphasis of emotional acting, but rather with a calm, silky touch which despite its restraint drives straight to the heart of the onlook-

er. All this is projected against a French background that takes in not only a shipbuilding plant, but interesting scenes in Paris, the attractive French countryside, Venice and Salzburg.

"The Edge of the World" will be here through tomorrow with a matinee tomorrow afternoon. This is the Scottish Islands film that portrays man's realistic struggle in the face of nature. It tells the romantic and moving tale of a small group of Englishmen on the lonely island of Foula in the North Sea. You will remember it for its breathtakingly pictorial effects and for its picturization of a strange part of the British Isles.

COUNTESS NOSTITZ TALKS AT SUNSET TONIGHT

The Countess Nostitz, known to the American public as "The Countess from Iowa," will be at Sunset Auditorium tonight at 8 o'clock, presented by the Carmel Forum.

This particular Forum lecture is one we are particularly happy to announce, not only because she is a trained speaker (based on her many years in the theater) and possesses all of the qualities essential to a good lecturer, but because we know that it will be fun to hear the reminiscences of this great actress and society woman whose experiences have carried her through three revolutions.

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WE THINK THEY'RE INTERESTING

Annette Barbier is one of the younger musicians on the Peninsula who leads us to expect great things of her. She plays the French horn, studying with William Baxter, who conducts the Presidio band. She is in her senior year at Monterey Union high school, and next August plans to leave for Baltimore to enroll in the Peabody Conservatory of Music there.

Annette is one of the two young musicians who received an honorary membership in the Musical Art Club last year. This honorary membership was given as a recognition of talent and willingness to work.

Last February when Stokowski was guest director for the San Francisco symphony, Annette went up to hear him, and was delighted because a great deal of Wagner music was played. Annette is devoted to Wagner, and it isn't only because his music so often employs the use of the French horn. In San Francisco she was the guest of Virginia Morgan, harp soloist in the

San Francisco symphony.

Annette plays in the high school band and in the orchestra. She took no part in the Bach Festival because, unfortunately, Bach didn't write music for the French horn. She ushers at the Carmel Music Society concerts and has missed only one of them in the last two years, and that was the last one, when Casadeus played. After school she helps her mother in the Sun Deck Poultry Market which belongs to their family, and she does her practicing between the time she gets home from work and dinner. August and Baltimore are near enough now so that Annette feels many of the preliminary thrills. She chose Peabody after careful consideration of the curriculum of many conservatories of music, and decided quite definitely against Boston, much to my surprise. At the Boston conservatory a student is required to do only as much work as he feels like doing. At Peabody they complete their assignments in a given time, or else. Annette prefers the latter method. —M. W.

School Board To Vote Preference For Hatton Fields Site; Here Is Fact-Finding Committee Report

(Continued from Page One) agreement among the committee as to what constituted important detail, it was thought best to include only such facts as would appear ab-

solutely clear and to present these facts in as brief a manner as possible. Very truly yours, (Signed) HUGH W. COMSTOCK March 28, 1939 Chairman

HIGH SCHOOL SITES PARADISE PARK versus HATTON FIELDS

	PARADISE PARK	HATTON FIELDS
Total Acreage	17 acres	22 acres
Total Cost	\$34,500.00	\$31,000.00
Miscellaneous costs pertinent to site development outside of regular construction—Stump pulling	2,000.00	
Underpass	3,000.00	4,000.00
Bicycle Path		960.00
Layout & Suitability for Campus	Authorities (Dr. Burch & architect) say not so suitable owing to its long and narrow shape.	Preferable to Paradise Park due to rectangular shape.
Parking	Restricted within school grounds, remainder of cars must park on streets.	Ample room inside of grounds.
Safety	Can be stop-signed at intersection. Short visibility.	Slow signs can be had. Advantage of long visibility.
Climate	Buildings located in close proximity to streets. State Highway Dept. says the safer location due to municipal control and habits of drivers within the town.	State Highway Dept. considers location not hazardous.
Adjacent Owners	At present it would appear more protected. No data on temperatures, wind velocities, etc., available.	Ample sun exposure. Planting planned for future wind breaks where needed.
Accessibility	The greater number of homes in close proximity.	Very few homes near. None within 300 ft. of proposed building location.
Police & Fire	One-half mile closer to center of population.	One-half mile further from center of population.
	Local	Deputized janitor. Permissible to contract with City for use in case of fire.
	Island site condemned by Dr. Burch.	Mission site not for sale.

Personalities & Personals

David S. Goddard, son of Mrs. Ella S. Goddard and the late W. A. Goddard, will be married April 8 in Seattle to Marie Catherine Ryan, daughter of Captain and Mrs. George J. Ryan. David is a graduate of the Monterey Union High school, the State Nautical School and is now a licensed second officer. He is a brother of Mrs. Ernest Bixler of Carmel. He and his mother are leaving Monday for the wedding which will take place at 8:30 in the evening in the Church of the Epiphany in Seattle. David McMichael of Altadena will be best man.

The Ashton Stanleys entertained the members of the British International polo team and others here for the high goal championship at a cocktail party held at Del Monte Lodge a week ago yesterday. Among those who attended were Lord Cowdray, the Hon. Daphne Pearson, the Hon. Angela Murray, John Lakin, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Tyrrell-Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Havenstrite, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Dempsey, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Wrightman, Miss Melba Dean, Miss Mary Eastman, William Adams, J. A. Wigmore, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lang and Dick Collins.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Potter Russell left their Carmel Valley ranch last Tuesday and sail from New York on April 5 for an extended European tour. They will be gone three months and when they return will bring their daughter, Phyllis, back with them. Phyllis has been in Norway since last October, staying with her grandmother, Mrs. H. B. Harriman. Herbert Harriman, as you know, or should know, is the American ambassador to Norway.

Betty Bryant is back! Mrs. Bryant has been in Honolulu since December, called there by the illness of her son, Edgar, who has a posi-

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1 CORNER LOT on Ocean Avenue for \$650.
1 VIEW LOT in 80-Acre section for \$900.
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tion in one of the Honolulu banks. Mrs. Bryant's return will be hailed with delight by the Carmel Players. She was rehearsing in "Love Apples" when the cable arrived calling her away. Now she is back again in her home on Camino Real and Third and is busy each day at her circulating library in Las Tiendas Court.

Frank T. Heffelfinger is giving his annual stag dinner and poker party at Del Monte Lodge tonight.

Noel Sullivan is entertaining the cast of "Moor Born" at his Carmel Valley ranch, Hollow Hills Farm, Sunday evening.

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FOR SALE: THREE 40-foot lots in 80-Acre section for \$1600. See THOBURNS across from the library. (13)

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ROOM AND BOARD for elderly people or convalescents with nursing care. Phone Pacific Grove 3470. (15)

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MAGNIFICENT ANTIQUE four-poster. Other fine old pieces. Mrs. E. A. Buchanan, 192 Dana St., Palo Alto, Phone 21855. (14)

LOST AND FOUND

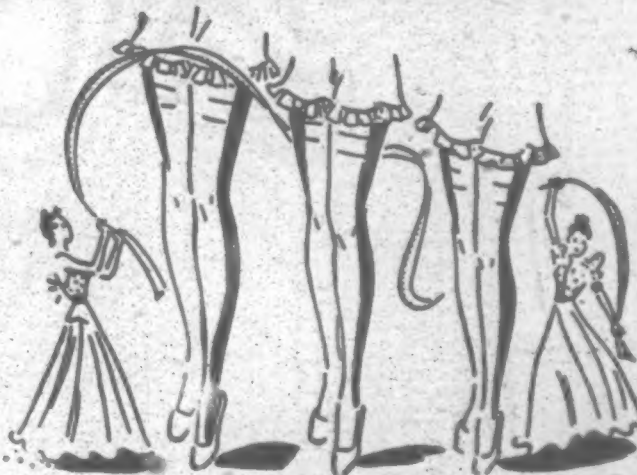
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Drawings Shown At Art Gallery Interesting

At the Art Gallery this week there was a feeling of preparation in the air, and the new show that is due to go up tomorrow was no doubt responsible.

In the small room, the one that ties the watercolor gallery and the new gallery together, is a collection of 14 drawings. The mediums range sufficiently to defy classification. I'm afraid there are even two etchings in the lot, and they should not be there, of course. But, they're good, and they are portraits, which seems to lift them out of the usual collection of etchings. They are done by Ferdinand Burgdorff.

The choice piece is a nude in sanguine by Armin Hansen. Burton Boundey has done a barn business. I don't know what medium he has used. It might have been a dry tempera, or, it might have been that finger painting medium, whatever it is. Anyway, I like it. But I'd hate to have his "Tragedy on the East River" around. It probably presented too interesting a problem to pass up, but it's a horrible thing to leave a horse stranded in mid-air with no chance whatever of being rescued. And this is what Mr. Boundey has done. Why, Mr. Boundey, you surprise me!

For the rest, you can see four interesting studies from the Art Institute, two of Phil Neabitt's, one in color that I found particularly noteworthy; two portraits by John O'Shea and a tree by Charlotte Morgan. The room itself is a gem. The ideal setting for black and whites.

—M. W.

DOUGLAS SCHOOL WINS POLO MATCH WITH POGONIP TEAM

Douglas School beat the Pogonip team at polo last Monday at Del Monte, and the score was 6 to 4. Sheila Moore, Mary Barthelmeas, Mickey Grinstead, Barbara Ames and Phyllis Havenstrite rode for the Douglas School team, and Mrs. Deming Wheeler, Elaine McInerney, the Honorable Daphne Pearson and the Honorable Angela Murray played for Pogonip. The trophy, donated by Mrs. Russell Havenstrite, was presented to the Douglas team by Lady Anne Bridgeman, who was accompanied by her brother, the Viscount Newport.

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